Look at that forest of legs...

Dan Hale

St. John Fisher College
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Epilogue to the Rain

I walk along in late September
Where now I rent the autumn
From the clouds who sold us summer

I watch them slowly pass
They in turn watching me
Filling the sky in formation
A pale audience of silent companions

The rain begins to weave its blanket
Dampening the path of my steps
Hurrying the couples to doorways
The women to their windows

I continue walking
Through the puddles like a child
Under the trees where my welcome is wet
Watching the sounds of a now busy city
Taking my mind to a time
When you'll take my hand and together
We'll listen to the whisperings of the trees

Dennis O'Brien

Opaque

The Circus is over, the sport done.
The arena is gray, stillness, dead.
Hushed-the artifacts of a forgotten drawn.

Which linked this void by a single thread,
To breath, beat, life, is here, yet gone:
Into the wall that must be there ahead
Of the murk of night, the gray oblivion.

For the circus is over, the sport done,
I wait alone.

Beyond the cold chill, lifeless walls,
The groan of a single diesel creature
Creeps mournfully to my being, and calls.
Yet a hollow sound cannot reassure,
But mock me in my void, this hell,
Isolated from the soul of this low drone
Which mourns me as a dead man's knell.
Blackness, the absence of a world,
one creature, alone.

The wind whispers on the slopes of
glazed, bricked, poured canyons of man.
Crisp, vibrant, free to race above!
Who gives me the life which forces death?
A voice echoes, somber is tone.
A voice which is left even by its breath.
Tomorrow they will come with the sun,
together, alone.

Bernard Bailou